westwords

Archives
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Westwords

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An Exciting Issue

Westwords is written, voted on, illustrated, argued over, made up for the printer, by students. Sisters whose names appear are students too.

In this issue for the first time there are no critical articles, though good ones came in. The reason? An exciting flowering of creativity. Several new poets discovered themselves, and story writers, too. Sister Leonard begins, by way of Dylan Thomas, to find her own voice. Marylu Mattson, lab technician, realizes of a sudden she can write. Her "Fillippino Lippi" and her story prove it.

We are particularly proud of the pattern makers: Helen Jaskoski rhymes stanza with stanza, and then, like the Navajos she pictures, breaks the pattern at the end; Marian Menges, a new editor, and Pat Wedemeyer, an old one, and others, shape sonnets; Jonnie Mobley, present editor, treats us to an airy play on words that is like her buoyant self.

And there are stories: "The Boy and Winter," a delicately imaginative fairy tale that helped inspire "The Cane and the King"; "Saffron and Plum," which made the Juniors smile to remember their own "exotic" youth. Peg, who wrote it, is another new editor. Finally, there is "The Kite," illuminating for us a teacher's reluctant understanding and also our kite flying Judy.

We think this is the best issue yet, and prophesy that the next **Westwords** will announce many of these things to be **Atlantic** and Cabrini prize winners.

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Contents

Pink	3	Renate Kerris
To The Victor	4	Marylu Mattson
Escape	11	Sister Leonard, C.S.J.
In Farmers' Market	12	Marian Menges
Saffron and Plum	13	Peg Langhans
Nuclear Vision	17	Sister Rachel Marie, C.S.J.
Where in the World?	18	Vivian LoPizzo
On Filippino Lippi's Selfportrait	19	Marylu Mattson
A Man in the Temple	20	Pat Wedemeyer
To Prometheus Bound	21	Pat Wedemeyer
Afterwards	21	Pat Wedemeyer
The Boy and Winter	22	Pat Crampton
Gideon Goes A-Threshing	31	Sister Patrick Marie, C.S.J.
The Kite	32	Judy Krommer
The Pattern	33	Helen Jaskoski
Assignment	34	Jonnie Patricia Mobley
The Furled-Flurry-Flight	35	Sheila Brandy
The Cane and the King	36	Sister Margaret Stephen, C.S.J.
Kaleidoscope	40	Judy Harris

Pink

Renate Kerris '63

Pink, if you think
is on the brink
of red or white.

Not a blue-tailed skink
or the brown-haired mink
can make you blink
as when something Pink
slinks by.

Why can't we have
Pink ink or
Pink mink—
Remove the kink
from our spectrum.

I could be put in the klink
for loving Pink—
Don't you think?

To The Victor

Marylu Mattson

Funny thing, life in a big city. I'm not much of a philosopher, but I keep thinking that: Funny thing, life or maybe funny thing, people. You see a lot of life in a laundromat. Maybe you wouldn't think so, but you do. Take last year for example. My wife threw her back out of place and had to spend some time in the hospital. We'd always talked about what would happen if one of us got sick, but up until then it never happened. She ended up in traction and the bills were so big that I had to pick up some extra work. So a buddy of mine who drives his cab at night, like me, fixed it up with his brother-in-law, Joe, so that I could do some daytime work for him.

This Joe owned a chain of automatic laundries around the city, and he always needed someone to look after the places, you know, keep them mopped up and watch out that no kids came around to jimmy the coin-changers. There wasn't much to do and it paid a buck-fifty an hour, so I told him I'd take the job, just until my wife got back home again.

He had an opening over on 35th Street. Joe took me over to the shop the first day and showed me what needed to be done: dust the machines, take the left-over socks and things out of the dryers and put them in the lost and found box, check to see that none of the customers tied up the machines with their wash while they went and shopped or went to the hairdresser, things like that.

There wasn't much to it. I hung around the first day and read all the old magazines the customers had left behind and did the things he told me. Next day I looked around the street after I got things opened up. The laundromat was in an old neighborhood with lots of boarding houses and apartments with shops on the street floor. It was the kind of place I grew up in as a kid, older now and with mostly old folks living there. The buildings all looked like they could use some paint. I stopped in at the liquor store next to the shop to get a pack of cigarettes and sort of get acquainted.

It was a dingy place, dark inside like those old places are, with dusty cardboard displays for Seagrams and Seven-Up and things like that hanging around the walls and propped up in the window. This big fat fellow, Charlie, his name turned out to be, was sitting behind the cash-register at the counter, eating some cookies. "Hello," I said, and told him we were going to be neighbors for a while so I thought I'd come in and introduce myself. I stood around talking, but pretty soon another customer came in, so I got my cigarettes and left.

After a while I got to know some of the other people around there, too; but Charlie, being so close and all, was the one I spent most of my spare time with. I'd come in at eight-thirty in the a.m., grubby from cabbing all night, and he'd let me shave and get washed up in his back room. We used to talk things over then, sports, mostly, some politics. It was the third day,

I remember, when he finally got around to asking me about Mrs. G. and her friend. When he mentioned them first I didn't know what he was talking about.

"Old Mrs. G. been in to see you yet?"

"Old Mrs. who?"

Mrs. Grundovitch? She must be letting you get settled. You'll see what I mean."

No, I hadn't met her yet, but that afternoon I did. It was a drizzly day. It just couldn't make up its mind to rain and get it over with. Business was slower than it had been the other two days. I had the sports sections spread out on top of one of the machines and was studying the Belmont charts when the front door swung open and these two old ladies came in. It was what they were carrying that made me look twice. Each of them had one of those aluminum lawn furniture chairs, and they were loaded with knitting baskets and magazines and things. No basket of clothes, no nothing. Just a load of magazines and knitting. Neither one of them said anything to me. They just set up their chairs in the window and got themselves all arranged and sat down, looking out at the traffic and up and down the sidewalk to see who was coming. Joe had told me about the cleaning up and the kids, but this was news.

I was just getting ready to go up and say "Well, what do you think you're doing?" when I saw Charlie waving his hands back and forth to me, peering in the window on the other side of the door. "No, no, no," his lips were saying, and he had his face all screwed up. I must have looked stupid, because he gestured for a little while, then gave up and came on in. The two old ladies looked over at him when he opened the door.

"Why, Charles," the little one said, "what are you doing here? Who's watching the store?" Charlie got flustered and looked like he'd just been caught by his wife coming out of the turnstile of the race-track. The woman talked to Charlie like he was a little boy and she would go pat him on the head in a minute.

"Hello, Mrs. G.," he said, "Mrs. Nollor, hello. I just came over to introduce Buddy here to you. You folks will want to get acquainted." The two old gals craned their heads around to look at me, and when they did Charlie started the same motions he had been going through outside, before he came in. "Buddy, this here is Mrs. G., and this other lady," he said, nodding to the big one, "is Mrs. Nollor. Buddy here is going to look after the place for Joe for a few weeks."

I started to say hello, but by then Charlie had worked his way down to where I was standing, and he grabbed me by the arm and started pulling me to the door. "Come over here with me for a while, will you, Buddy. My refrigerator door is stuck and I want you to take a look at it for me. Nice seeing you, ladies. Have a nice day; have a nice day," and he pulled me out into the street and over into his place.

"I got thinking you might say the wrong thing, so I came over as soon as I saw them go in. Don't say anything to them, Buddy. They won't bother

you much, and it's only on rainy days." I must have still looked stupid, because he went on, whispering as if Mrs. G. or lord-knows-who was standing behind him. He looked so worried that I kept watching the door as if something might come through it any time.

"What is this, Charlie? Who are those two old gals, anyway?" I didn't get what was going on.

"It won't hurt you to have someone sitting in the window, will it? I promise you, it's okay. Say it's okay." Sweat was actually breaking out on the guy's forehead. I couldn't figure it.

"I dunno," I said. "Joe never said anything about it. I dunno if he'd like it." But Charlie looked so serious, and you don't like to see a man crawl and then you make it worse for him, so I said, "Okay, Charlie, we'll see what happens. But what's all this about, anyway?"

Charlie hauled out his handkerchief and started patting his forehead, and he blew and puffed his way back to the stool behind the counter. "It's nothing, Buddy. They're just two old ladies who live upstairs in the back. They been nice to me sometimes. When it's warm enough they move their chairs out on the fire escape so they can see what's going on, but when it's cold they move down into your window. That won't hurt anything, will it? It's just when it's cold."

It still didn't make any sense to me. I mean I could understand the ladies now, but it was Charlie who was bothering me. But I didn't think I ought to nose around too much.

"Okay, Charlie," I said. "Okay, we'll see how it goes."

He had slumped back into the shadows by then so I couldn't see his face, but his voice was all thanks. "You're a friend, Buddy, a real friend," he said.

"Don't mention it," I said as I left, but I wasn't so sure what I'd done as I went back to the laundromat.

The two old ladies were sitting peering out into the street when I came back. Mrs. Nollor didn't look at me when I came in, but Mrs. G. wanted to know if we'd gotten the refrigerator fixed. I had it in my mind to talk things over with them then and tell them that I didn't know how Joe would feel about this, but a woman was loading her wash into the machine right behind them, and I was afraid it would sound like I was pushing old ladies around or something, so I just said "Yeah," and let it go. Besides, it really was getting cold outside.

It's funny when I think back on it now. That Mrs. G. didn't say one word that day. She must have figured I was trying things out, and she wasn't going to make it any easier for me to tell her to move on by coming right out and asking for a conversation. Well, the longer I waited the clearer it was to me that I'd missed my chance if I ever wanted to get tough. You don't just let someone sit in your window for half a day and then go up and pick a fight with him. I'd missed my chance, all right. Along about four-thirty I got out the mop and bucket and started doing the floor, working my way up toward the front. All the time I was mopping I was trying to think how I could say something to them when I got up there. I was busy trying

out sentences while I mopped: "Now look here, ladies, this ain't no lounge," and "Pardon me, ladies, I'd like to have you stay, but my boss isn't a very understanding man;" or maybe just the direct approach, "You can't sit in my window; you'll have to go on home."

I was getting very brave to myself, but Mrs. G. must have had it all figured out that the crucial moment was coming nearer with each mop stroke, because the next thing I knew and before I could even open my mouth she was saying, "Well, it was nice meeting you, Buddy. You certainly are a good worker." She and Mrs. Nollor were closing the door behind them, heading back up the block with their folding chairs and kitting under their arms, and she was smiling back at me when they disappeared out of sight. There I stood with my pants legs turned up and a stupid grin on my face. That was her victory, all right. In fact I should have seen right then that I'd lost for good. My wife always did say I was a sucker.

I found myself watching the sky all the time the next morning while I was waiting around the cab stand. I was praying for the sun to shine, all right. But it didn't, and I felt as grey as the sky by the time I got to the laundromat.

Well, Mrs. G. came back again, only this time it was earlier. First I saw her heading into Charlie's with her chair and bundles, and I had visions of her for a moment propped up with the Seagram's ad in his window, but she was back in a minute, all smiles and holding out a wax-paper package to me. I just **knew** the moment I saw it what it was going to be — oatmeal cookies. That was when I knew it was all over. I wanted to say, "Okay, Mrs. G., pick up the marbles." But instead I just looked foolish and grateful and said, "Good morning. How are you today." I gritted my teeth because even I recognized that that was it. It was all over, and her smile and my smile said so.

Well, she talked that day. Or rather I did. She had my whole life story **and** my wife's **and** our neighbor's before it was time to close. I went over at noon to get a coke from Charlie, and his smile was a mixture of apologies and good wishes. We didn't mention Mrs. G., but we both were thinking only about her. I could tell that he was relieved that I didn't say anything. He just smiled and was extra careful about wiping off the coke bottle before he handed it to me.

Mrs. Nollor had joined Mrs. G. in the window by the time I got back. I nodded to her and was going to the back of the shop when Mrs. G. poked me with her knitting needle. She motioned me to her side when I turned around to see what was going on. "That woman in the tan coat just stole something out of the lost and found box," she hissed.

"What?" I asked.

"That tan lady, over there. Mrs. Nollor saw her." Mrs. Nollor was staring into the street as if she didn't hear a thing.

"What did she take?"

"Well how should **we** know? But Mrs. Nollor saw her. You'd better go

find out."

"But Mrs. G., there wasn't anything but old socks in that box anyway. I can't just go up and ask her to match up her socks."

"Buddy," Mrs. G. said, "now you know what you should do. You know your boss doesn't want thieves around here, and I don't want you getting in trouble with your boss. Now you go on over to her and tell her you don't want any trouble with your boss. Be a man, Buddy."

Buddy, be a man, I thought to myself as I headed for the tan lady. Be a man, hah! When I got to the lady I stood between her and the other two and said, "Hello, nice day, isn't it?" all the time watching her face. There wasn't any guilt in it. Besides, who steals somebody else's socks? I had to look busy around the machines then so that the two up front wouldn't say anything more about it.

The next day it was something else. Oh, yeah. I was over at Charlie's washing up first thing in the morning, and when I came into the shop the folding chair was there, all right. But it was empty. That was a shock in itself, but Mrs. G. was an even bigger surprise. "Buddy," she called from back by the big driers, "your coffee is on the first machine." And it was, too. A big thermos of coffee and this time some home made coffee cake. But I didn't touch it. I was on my way back to see if Mrs. G. was all right. She was on her hands and knees on the floor, and when I got to her I could see she had a big sponge in her hand and a bucket beside her.

"You go have your breakfast. There's a little dust here that's bothering me. You boys just can't keep house proper. You're almost as bad as Charles over there. You boys are all the same. Go on, now, have your breakfast."

"Ma'am," I said in my firmest voice, "you come on out of there now." But it wasn't any use. I was talking to the stubborn backbone of Mrs. G. She had her head and shoulders between the wall and the last washer and was scrubbing like fury in the corner. You can't argue with the right end of a stubborn old lady let alone the wrong end. I went and drank the coffee and ate the cake.

"Listen, Charlie," I demanded that afternoon when I went back to his place, "what is this? How'd you get me into this? That woman can't do this. She hasn't got any right. What are you trying to do? What's she to you, anyhow? Your mother?"

Charlie started to shake, he was so mad. "My mother? You keep a civil mouth in your head, Buddy. I thought you were a nice guy, but you can't even be decent to a little old lady. My mother? You think every little old lady who comes around here with coffee cake is my mother? What's the matter with you? She isn't hurting you."

"Okay, Charlie," I said. "Okay. No offense. I'm sorry," and I left, more bewildered than ever. I was the one who ought to be mad, not Charlie. And I was the one who was supposed to look after the laundromat, not Mrs. G. The whole thing was screwy. Screwy.

Well, that's the way things went. Every day it was something new. First

I didn't mop right; then I didn't watch the customers close enough. then I let the customers use too much soap, and didn't I know that was hard on the machines? Pretty soon I was sitting most of the time in the aluminum chair next to silent Mrs. Nollor, watching Mrs. G. count the number of pieces a customer put in the washer, miserably eating cookies or coffee cake and waiting for the crisis. Joe would come and sack me and throw the two old ladies into the street. Mrs. G. would get some customer so mad he would brain her. I'd quit. That's it, I'd quit. I'd go tell Joe some grandmother was setting up housekeeping in his shop. But how could I go and face him with a thing like that? What kind of a man would that make me? And all the time I sat and wondered what the end would be like the days went on and my wife was getting better. So in the end the crisis came about because my wife's back got well.

Mrs. G. had moved a potted geranium plant into the shop. She'd gotten me to hang it on the wall below the sign that gave the instructions for running the machines. I hadn't wanted to do it, but she said people didn't want to do their laundry in a factory, and she said it right in front of a bunch of customers. They all started frowning at me, waiting to see if I did want them to wash in a factory, so up the geranium went.

Joe looked at it like he wanted to say something about it early one Friday when he came in to give me my paycheck. But Charlie must have seen him coming and worried that I'd say something, because Joe wasn't there two minutes when he came puffing in the door with the old refrigerator story. I'd only had time to tell Joe that my wife was coming home from the hospital next Thursday and that I'd have to be leaving. Joe looked around the place then and said what a fine job I had done, and Charlie stood in back of him and gave me that know-it-all nod behind Joe's shoulder. I started to stammer something then, and Charlie cleared his throat loud so that Joe got the idea that this refrigerator business was really urgent, and he said he'd be on his way.

Joe phoned later that day and said that he had located a man to take my place and that he was sending him around for me to break in. He'd be there on Monday. The phone was on the wall near where Mrs. G. and Mrs. Nollor were sitting, and I knew that neither one of them was missing a word, so I repeated everything Joe said back to him. Mrs. G. would slow down her knitting when I talked and look up at the telephone wires outside as if she wanted to be sure she wasn't distracted from anything I had to say.

When I hung up she said, "Buddy, I think you'd better get my geranium down for me. It's time it had some sun." I climbed up on one of the machines and handed it down to her, and as she took it from me she looked at me hard as if I shouldn't have let my wife get well.

The new man, Ellis Stevens, was a surprise to me. You get to have a feel for what people are like when you've been driving cab for as long as I have, and I'd seen men like him before. He had on old khaki pants and a grey jacket, the kind that was blue once, before the dirt and age got to it, and that had buttons once, too. He wore a shapeless grey hat, even indoors. But it wasn't his clothes that mattered. His face was lean and red and mean, and he had the watery blue eyes of the men who drink alone. I didn't like

him, but I knew by the look of him that I had my contender.

I was in the middle of showing him what the job required, and he was following me around the laundromat without saying a word. He hadn't said a word since he came in and told me who he was early that morning. Pretty soon I saw a familiar figure come in the door. But there was no folding aluminum chair under Mrs. G's arm and no knitting basket. Instead she had a pillow case with her washing in it. I started to say good morning, but then I realized that she wasn't going to say anything to me. She went over to one of the machines and started loading it, all the time looking Ellis over out of the corner of her eye, sizing him up. She sort of stood back against the wall and hummed to herself while the washer went through its cycles, looking and looking at Ellis without his ever knowing it. I wondered then if she had been in the shop my first day there. While I was going through those magazines she was probably standing around humming, trying to figure out how big a threat I was to her domain. I hoped it would be cloudy and cold the next day. This was one meeting I didn't want to miss.

At lunch time I took Ellis over to introduce him to Charlie, and I saw the worried look on Charlie's face when he realized what a hard man this Ellis was. "What are you going to do?" he whispered to me as I followed the new man out of the door.

"Me? Do?" I asked. "Nothing, Charlie. This isn't any of my business."

Charlie was mad again, but more worried than mad. "You have to do something," he shouted after us as we turned down the sidewalk. But Ellis didn't notice, or if he did, he didn't show it.

I was watching the sky again on my way to work the next morning. It was going to rain for sure, I noticed, rubbing my hands together. Rain for sure. Ellis was there right on time, and I kept blabbing to him about horses even though he never showed any sign of having heard me. I kept looking at my watch, thinking it was about time for the show to begin.

Sure enough, about eleven, the two ladies pushed open the door and Charlie was right behind them. But I waved him away as they set their chairs in the window. Ellis was out in the alley emptying the trash. I spread out the sports section like always and just stood there looking at it, waiting for Ellis to come back.

"What the hell," he growled at my shoulder. "What the hell is that?"

"Oh, Ellis," I said, "come up here. I'd like to have you meet Mrs. Grundovich and Mrs. Nollor. You'll be friends." But that, I hoped, was impossible, and I pushed him by the elbow up to the front of the store to the ladies.

"Mrs. G.," I said, "Mrs. Nollor, this here is Ellis Stevens. He's the new man around here."

And Mrs. G. turned it on. "Ellis. Ellis Stevens. Sounds like a midwestern name. We'll be pleased to have you, Ellis, pleased."

He growled at me again, "Does Joe . . . "

"No." I cut him off and stepped back, smiling inside, to watch my man. But nothing happened. He glowered at me like I was some kind of a double-

crosser and just stood there.

"What is this, anyhow?" But his words trailed off. Mrs. G. was fumbling in her knitting basket.

"Ellis," Mrs. G's voice quavered just enough. She let her bony old arm tremble just a little, but her eyes were harder than his had ever been as she offered the package to him.

"Ellis, a big man like you needs nourishment. Here, try a few of these, Ellis."

Flight

flit-fly to the
farthest corner of my house

skirting, skating figure eights
around the candlesticks
on the altar table

and the fable people
on the red Carrara
lure and entangle you

in the net-veined, stained rose
window you course through the
maze to a counterpoint, centerpoint
caught!
you groundless wanderer's thought.

Sister Leonard, C.S.J.

In Farmers' Market

Among the pomegranates — twenty-three

A pound, and chestnuts and the unshelled peas,

A man in tweed held two full trays with ease,

While she examined cheap tin jewelry,

And near the purple rhododendrons he

In green plaid shorts demanded ham and cheese

On rye, and someone else spoke Japanese;

I stirred my cup of coffee. Suddenly

The coffee tasted bitter. I could see

His hair as white as smoke, his crumpled tie.

He shared the company of wicker chairs.

He dropped a lump of sugar in his tea

And took too large a bite of raisin pie.

He sat alone and stared at yellow pears.

Marian Menges '63

Peg Langhans '63

Saffron and Plum

It's funny. Some things you can remember like they happened only yesterday. At least with me, that's the way it is. Some things I can remember so clearly that when I'm thinking about them I almost forget they're not happening right now. Like the time Timmy, my cat, died. I can remember that so clearly. The way he looked when I found him dead on the linoleum, with his little paws tucked under him like he was just sleeping cozily. Or like the Saturday that Ellen first went away to college. Sometimes when I think about that I can remember everything, even the way the breakfast sausage smelled frying, and things like that.

I remember that I had been thinking about it the whole summer before. To tell you the truth what I had been really thinking about was Ellen's room. It's sort of a tradition in our family that when each child leaves the nest, as Mother says, the one who is still at home gets to move into the big bedroom with the bay windows. Ellen moved in when Bob, my second oldest brother, left to get married. And so with Ellen going away to college I had my chance at the room.

All that summer I had been planning on how to redecorate the room. I had my own ideas on just what I wanted, especially after I had read about one of the French King's palace drawing rooms. You see, the book I was reading told how the room was decorated in rich tapestries and saffron velveteen and plum colored drapes. I had to look up exactly what saffron was, but once I found out, I was sure that was just what I wanted for the room.

When I woke up on that Saturday morning in September the first thing I thought of was my saffron and plum velveteen drapes and spread. I had it all pictured, with plum throw pillows all over especially next to the record player. I lay in bed for a while just thinking about it all. I often like to think about things that are important when I'm in bed. Anyway, there I was with the covers all around, pretending I was in the middle of a snow storm. I often like to pretend like that. It enhances things. Anyway, I went over in my mind just how the room was going to be. All dark and rich and exotic. That's what it had to be, exotic. After a while I jumped out of bed and put on my plaid corduroy robe. I kind of smiled when I buttoned the big gold buttons.

No more corduroy robes, or maple furniture or flowered bed spreads, I thought. But chiffon and mahogany and saffron velveteen. Then I kind of danced around the room and tried a look I had seen in an old Katherine Hepburn movie on T.V. I'll admit it. Sometimes I get pretty corny. But I enjoy it.

I looked around the room, then, thinking that things would be so different. I looked at my **Nancy Drew** and **Cherry Ames Student Nurse** collec-

tion, and at my old baseball mitt and at all my cigar boxes where I save things like coins and bottle caps, things like that. I looked at them sort of amused since I was going to leave all that behind once I moved into the big room.

After that I went into the bathroom. I stood in front of the mirror, rearranging my hair. I thought what I really needed was a page-boy with a dip over my right eye. It looks so exotic. But I figured Mother would never allow that. She's always saying I'm too young. Even now she says that sometimes. I really wanted to look exotic. I learned a trick that summer about how to look exotic. It's not really a trick but I just noticed that people when they take off their glasses get a squinting, far-away look to their eyes. I don't mean blind people but ones like Kathy Kane who need glasses for reading the blackboard. Anyway, it looks exotic. So I practiced squinting exotically for a while, wishing I could have any kind of a hair-do but a pony tail. You get pretty tired of pony tails when you wear them all the time. Then, I practiced brushing my teeth. You see I've tried for the longest time to brush my teeth like they do on T.V. commercials. Somehow when I do it, even now, it looks pretty sloppy. I had just finished wiping my face in the flowered guest towel when Mother called me for breakfast.

"Coming, dear," I answered, thinking it sounded pretty sophisticated. Like calling parents by their first names. But Mother and Dad are too conservative to go for a first name basis. Anyway, I went and got dressed, thinking all the time about being exotic and redecorating Ellen's room. I really was excited. I'd waited for that day so long. It wasn't that I didn't love Ellen, It's just that you get pretty tired of being a child after a while.

I went down to breakfast very smoothly if I say so myself. I can glide down stairs quite well. I always notice how they do that in movies.

"Good morning, Melissa," Mother said while she was putting the sausage on a platter.

"G'morning, Mom," I said and kissed her on the cheek. Then I went over to the table to butter the toast.

"There's a new box of cornflakes over by the toaster, honey, with one of those plastic things in it."

She meant the plastic tribal heads that I had been collecting for the past two months. I was pretty excited when she told me about the new box. I was dying to get a complete set. But by the time I reached the cornflakes I had remembered. Things were going to be different with my new room, so I put down the unopened box and went to the table.

"Well, did you get the one you needed?," Mother asked. I felt kind of funny trying to explain how I was just too old for collecting things. Mothers are kind of funny about things like that. I tried to explain about now that I was going to have the big room and all. She just kind of smiled to herself which made me kind of mad, so I said:

"Another thing, Mother.Would you please call me Lisa now. Missy is just too young and Melissa, well, it sounds like a frail grand-aunt or something." The funny thing is I was named after an aunt of my mother. But she wasn't

very frail, to say the least. Anyway, Mother didn't like that too well. But before she could say anything Dad and Ellen came in from packing the car.

Dad made a joke about Ellen having more luggage than the U.S. Army. It was a typical fatherly joke. Then we all talked about Ellen's train and her luggage and things like that. Typical breakfast conversation. I was still thinking about my saffron and plum room. I was really excited. I loved being exotic. Then I decided to smile my squinted smile. I sort of combined it with a weak sad smile that Natalie Wood did in a movie I saw once. I thought it would add drama to Ellen's farewell. But all Dad did was ask me if I was coming down with a cold.

After breakfast Dad warned us that the train was leaving at 9:37. Like I told you, I can remember some things as if they just happened. Especially numbers. Anyway, I went up with Ellen to help her gather together a few last things, but mostly to get a look at my new room.

I really felt dramatic when I went into that room. I walked around feeling the book shelves and the dresser and the bay window sills. I couldn't help smiling when I looked at Ellen's flowered spread and organdy curtains. Don't get me wrong. They were pretty, but so girl-next-doorish, if you know what I mean. I just couldn't help expressing a sigh, thinking of how I was going to transform the room. Ellen looked at me.

"Poor kid," she said, coming over to me. "I'll miss you, too. But don't feel bad, we'll do things together during vacations."

I didn't want to tell her what I was really thinking. So I walked to the bay window and turned my profile into the sun-stream the way Katherine Hepburn would. I was dying to ask Ellen how it looked when I did it. But I thought it would break the spell.

"Yes, Ellen. We'll miss each other. But I guess time just won't stand still." Like I said, I can get pretty corny, but at the time I thought it was pretty appropriate.

Dad called us then, so we got the overnight case and the hatbox and went out to the car. I remember when we started to drive away Ellen turned and looked out the back window at the house.

"Well," she said in such a funny voice that I looked at her. "We're off."

When we got to the station, we could see Joan Hamilton, Ellen's roommate there with her family. We all brought Ellen's luggage up to the platform and then joined the Hamiltons. Everyone just stood around talking in spurts and smiling at each other. It seemed just like a war movie with all the soldiers going off to battle and everyone talking nervously about all sorts of things. I went over to the gum machine and put in a penny. I shook the glass bubble, hoping for a black gum ball. But I got a green one. I stood there rolling the gum under my tongue and looking at the people in the station. I love to look at people and wonder what they're doing and where they're going. There was a man with a dark hat on, standing at the other end of the platform. He looked pretty exotic and foreign to me. But then he took off his hat and scratched his head. He was bald. So I went back to where Ellen and Joan were standing. Joan was talking about **Seventeen Magazine** and how they had an article about college rooms.

"Stripes are the big thing this year," she said.

"I know," Ellen said. "I was looking at the cutest spread and drape sets yesterday, but I thought we should wait to see the room first."

I couldn't help smiling. Stripes, I thought, almost as bad as flowers or plaid corduroy. Then suddenly the train sounded into the station. Everyone started moving and calling and hugging each other. Dad and Mom kissed Ellen and then she came over to me.

"I'll miss you, Missy. But I'll write. Be good."

Boy, that made me wince. If it's one thing I can't stand it's people saying "be good." It sounds like they're talking to a child. But I didn't really mind, because I could see Ellen's eyes were glistening. So instead I just hugged her.

"I'll miss you, Ellen." I really mean it. I did.

Then Ellen and Joan hurried into the train and got seats by the window. The train gave a final moan and pulled away. I stood there waving even after Ellen was too far away to see. I felt funny, like I'd swallowed my gum. I remember that's how I felt when Old Yeller died in the movie. Then I heard Dad call and followed him to the car.

All the way home I tried to make myself think about my new room. I thought about the saffron and plum velveteen. I wondered if I shouldn't keep the furniture that was already there and try to blend it in. Besides, Mother would never let me get all new furniture. But a canopy. I had to have a canopy.

"Mother, can I get a canopy?," I said.

"A canopy? What are you talking about, Missy?"

"A canopy for Ellen's bed, that's my bed now. You know, you said I could move into Ellen's room when she left . . . and you said I could decorate it."

"But a canopy, Melissa."

"Mother, I just have to have a canopy. All my plans go around a canopy."

"We'll talk about it later," she said, and ended the conversation there. I had a feeling I should have waited before talking about the room. They probably didn't even think I missed Ellen.

When we got home, Mother began immediately to do the breakfast dishes. Dad went out to cut the lawn and I went upstairs to my new big room. As I opened the door, the sunlight from the bay window sprayed me in the face. Then I walked around and looked at everything again. I tried to pretend that the room was dark and exotic with a saffron velveteen bed spread and drapes. I tried to imagine the plum throw pillows. But somehow I couldn't get a clear picture of it like I used to. I couldn't even picture the canopy. I just kept seeing the pink flowered spread and organdy curtains. Then I went and sat on the bed. I noticed a pair of earrings that Ellen had left on the night table. Putting them on, I walked to the dresser mirror. But the earrings didn't look so good. I took them off and rolled them between my fingers. They were cold. I felt funny, not like anything I'd ever felt before not even when Natalie Wood got hit by a car and died in that movie.

"But I waited so long for this," I said outloud and kind of mad. Then I lay down on the bed. Out of the corner of my eye I could see the pink flowers. All of a sudden I loved the flowers and the organdy curtains. I sat up and looked around. I knew I missed Ellen. I missed her so much I couldn't cry and didn't even want to. So instead, I got up and went to my old room and got the cigar box where I kept my plastic tribal heads. Then I ran downstairs to open the new box of cornflakes to see if I had finally gotten a complete set.

Nuclear Vision

Sister Rachel Marie, C.S.J.

Utopia,
I dream of you when dark heart and bone
alone resist the century. You are
the fire in my hands, the home of honey.
My dreams turn inward ash, apocalypse
and brimstone, so
Christ, listen
(if your fountain runs fresh
fish and loaves today).

Where in the World?

People's faces

Funny places, yellowed laces.
Dirty houses, ninety mouses,
Wrinkled blouses.
Sunken cellars, headline yellers.
What's the city?

Crooked crannies
Wrinkled grannies, street dandies
Wooden stands, greedy hands,
Colorful bands.
Lived-in street, rushing feet.
Why's the city?

Sprawling homes
Rising domes, ice-cream cones.
Sloping lawn, orange dawn,
Lazy yawn.
Insurance brokers, practical jokers.
Who's the city?

City hall,
Mayor's call, prison wall.
History teachers
Street preachers, peace breachers.
On a lake, for heaven's sake
Where? CHICAGO.

Vivian LoPizzo '65

On Filippino Lippi's Selfportrait

Marylu Mattson

You can't have looked like that.

You ask me to believe too much;

That which looks out must be a lie:

Sweet mouth, wide eye, and youth.

A child cannot paint purity—

Which lies? The face or hand?

No hand that knew so well a craft

Was ever owned by such a face.

Admit your mirror lied.

Say you looked, an old man,

Into the glass of remembrance

And disremembered youth.

Old with skill, tell me you painted

What you thought you were before you were a man.

A Man in the Temple

Pat Wedemeyer '62

Yes, I have been serving in the temple from the time when

I could first loop my sandals. Even then they

Were here — Simeon and Anna, I mean — and had been

For a few years before. Sometimes the old man would say

To me, "Boy, pray for the Promised One today.

Maybe He'll come soon." And then I'd plead

For Simeon to tell me about the place and the way

The Holy One would come. So he'd begin to read

From the Holy Books about great Yahweh's seed.

A Nazarene he'd be. And a virgin's son. I'd smile

At both. They couldn't be true. (No more than the deed

That crucified Galilean promised. After the Sanhedrin trial

And all the rest. Just try to believe what he said

Before he died.) Maybe the Holy One will come before we're dead.

To Prometheus Bound

Who knows the how or why of change.
we are here now
and soon we go.
day comes and goes
according to somebody's pattern,
but not mine.
I demand but no one yields;
I watch, apart, all that swirls about me,
but cannot stop it.
Winter comes;
winter passes
letting in Spring —
and so the cycle.
And somewhere Who watches and thinks,
perhaps, of moving dawn.

Afterwards

Fire
(and rain)
can melt things.
phonograph records, sunday-best
dresses (and good fertile soil)
become victims to the sacrifice
Fire dies
(and mud soon dries)
possessions gone,
land gone.
only man

Pat Wedemeyer '62

The Boy and Winter

Pat Crampton '62

Once, there was a little man who lived in a house far beyond the borders of a town. It was not his town. He had been born in a changeless, forest land beyond the hills. But the house was his house. He had built it with his hands — of aemril stones — the only thing he had brought with him from the place where he was born.

The little man had come here because it was the nearest village and he had grown lonely beyond the hills where people seldom came. He had picked his site because it had a tree that spoke to him when the wind passed through its leaves.

He arrived the first of April, driving a bright red wagon behind a borrowed horse. He had meant to move to the village itself. But, as he paused beneath the tree that crowned the hill before the town, the wind passed through its leaves and the tree spoke softly to him, and he had wished to understand. So, he built his house beneath the tree, facing the setting sun.

The aemril stones he used to build his home were red and blue and yellow, pale and nearly colorless at dawn, brightened in the sunlight, and mellowed to darkness with the dusk. They were light to lift, and the house was finished soon. By June it stood beneath the tree—whose shadow made the stones both deep and bright when it was finished, even though it was still near noon.

The little man's eyes were bright as he looked at his work. "It's beautiful," he said, proudly.

He stood a time, in the shadows of the tree, watching the light on his stones. Then, with effort, he brought himself back to the world about him: "Well now," he said, dusting his hands, "That's done. Now I must get ready for company. Tomorrow everyone will come." He smiled as he thought of the villagers. "I'm glad they waited until I finished the house. No one should see anything until it's done."

The next day he arose at dawn. "I must have a feast," he told himself out loud. "And I must hurry, too," he grinned a little, "The stones are bound to bring them early."

So, he prepared a feast, a very great feast, kindled a fire in the hearth, swung the door wide open, and went to wait for them out front.

The house was a six-tiered rainbow when the sun reached it, slanting below the tree. By nine it was paler, almost white. Past noon, it deepened subtly. Nothing could be more tempting, the little man was sure. But the sun mounted to four o'clock and no one came.

He grew impatient, almost angry. And then he thought a while. At last he smiled.

"Maybe they have a custom," he said. "I'll go and see this village."

He went down the steps and waded through the thick, high grass that reached above his waist, and started southward down the hill. Near its foot, he reached a dusty path. It was the first of June and everything was green and blue. Soon, the little man was humming to himself. When he reached the sidewalk at the village end, his humming changed to singing. His feet tapped softly on cement. And then, quite suddenly, he stopped. He looked down at the sidewalk; then, up towards the houses. His round, red face lit in recognition of a fact.

"Ah!" he said aloud, "So that's what's wrong."

All the houses he could see were just alike. All of them were pink and stucco. All of them had dichondra lawns and tiny hedges. A few trees were tied to sticks out front of some. And every single house had a curving, concrete path angling to the door.

"Ah!" he said again, "So that's why they won't come! I haven't got a **path!**" And then he beamed. "Well that's fixed easily. I'll build one myself —with all the rest of my aemril stones." In his mind he saw the path complete—glimmering in the high-noon sun, and growing dark at dusk. "Oh it **will** be beautiful," he sighed in satisfaction, "Not like these."

He went home and set to work at once. Blue stones. Red ones and yellow ones were wheeled out to his lawn. Three hundred stones. And none of them the same. He laid them carefully, making a tri-colored arc from the dusty path. through the thick grass, clipped lower there, up to meet his steps. The brightest ones were set down near the street, the softest ones were just before the door. He covered each one as he set it in its place, so no one would come before he was done. "Here, in the sun," he told himself, "the stones will be so tempting they'll come too soon if they can see them."

The second day he worked at this, a boy came up the hill. He wore a pack on his shoulders and his shoes were brown. He was not dusty from the roads, and though he faced the sun, his eyes were wide open. He walked so lightly the little man did not see him until he stood at the very first stone and laughed: "Good morning." Then, the little man's glance came swiftly up, delighted. First he saw a red jacket, then the boy's dark hair, and then, the brightest smile that he had ever seen.

"What are you doing?" the boy asked, gravely.

"Building a path."

"Like those down there?" The boy waved one hand towards the village.

"No. No, **this** walk is made of aemril stones."

"Ah! I'm glad of that. And what are aemril stones? I have been nearly everywhere, and I never heard of them."

"They are like a rainbow's stones," the little man replied. "They grow and fade with light and dark. There are three colors of them, but no two

stones are just the same. And all of them refract. And all of them are beautiful."

"Why have you covered them?" the boy looked down at them respectfully.

"They must be that way until I'm done. No one should see anything until it's done."

The boy smiled more brightly than before. The little man thought that he had never seen anything so bright—not even an aemril stone.

"When you've finished, sir," the boy was saying, "I shall come and see."

"Please come," the little man was trembling with joy, "You must! And I will let you listen to the tree, then, too. It speaks. It would take forever to understand it. But I can tell you everything I have heard so far, and, then we can listen together." He paused and added: "Come; and stay always!"

The boy's grey eyes softened, and he laughed. The sound was like music, the little man thought.

"When will you finish?" the boy asked him.

"The final day of Spring."

"Yes. I shall be back by then. I am always free the final day of Spring."

"Won't you stay forever? The tree alone is worth it."

Again the boy laughed gently. "I can stay here every summer," he said, "If everything is beautiful. But not forever. In Spring I must be everywhere. When Winter comes I must be far away. In Autumn I must leave for home. I'm only free in Summer. But, I shall return the final day of Spring and stay until the first of Autumn."

When he finished speaking, he looked up at the sun. "It's growing late," he said, "And now I must leave."

Without delaying, he started down the hill toward the setting sun. His shadow seemed to lengthen behind him as he moved, and everything was bright before. At the summit of the second hill, the boy turned round and waved to him and then was gone.

After he left, the little man worked more eagerly than before. He did not rest at nights. The path was finished and there was still a fortnight left of Spring.

"Should I wait for the boy?" he thought, when everything was done. At first he thought he would. But he heard a sound from the village down below, and his loneliness surged back. "No," he told himself, "He will not mind. Besides I built it for everyone."

The next day he arose at dawn and made a feast—a very great feast. He built a fire in his hearth. Then, went outside, uncovered his path, and went to stand beside his door.

For hours no one came. When the sun mounted directly over the tree, the little man despaired.

"They must be fools," he said, half angry. "They can see **this**, and still they will not come." He sat down on his steps. "They must be fools."

At last, near sunset, he sighed and rose and started towards the door. But just as he reached out for the door-knob, he heard a sound and wheeled. Someone **was** coming.

Two men—a fat one and a lean one—were climbing up the hill towards his path. They walked slowly. They must not have seen it yet, he thought. watching them. He grew impatient to see what they would do. He leaned forward to catch their softest words.

The thin one saw it first and stopped, dumbfounded. He poked his friend.

"Hey—Hey, Gus," he said, "Hey, Gus—look there."

He pointed a finger at the glimmering path.

They ran their eyes up the path and back, then up and back again. They looked at each other. The lean one's face stretched out of shape.

"Oh my!" he mocked. "Oh my! An elven path to an elven house in stardom, I suppose."

The big one guffawed and slapped him on the back. The man went on, encouraged:

"Have you ever seen such a thing as that before?" he said. Then he too was overcome. His face snapped back to its lines and he began to laugh a nervous, giggling sound, like a squeaky iron gate.

When the first one laughed, the little man recoiled. He opened his mouth, then closed it. He started forward, then fell back. When the littler man began, he tottered backwards through the door into the shelter of his house. A chance wind blew through the tree and shut the door before his face, blocking out the view, but not the sound. He heard them go, but gone or not, he still could hear them laugh. In the end his mind deceived him, and he thought all hundred villagers had come in pairs to mock.

At first his face was very red, and then it looked like greyish stone. The tiny kindled fire changed from gold to yellow to ash, and night fell. He sat and didn't move.

When morning came, he rose stiffly from his chair and went outside. Silently, he tore the stones out with his hands until he had a wheel-barrow full. He brought them to the borders of his land and covered them with canvas. Then he went again. And still again. By nightfall, all three hundred stones lay covered on the grass.

The next day he built a wall with them—dirty-side outward, towards the road. It was a high, thick wall, surrounding all his land. On the thirteenth day, at noon, he finished it, and sat down, exhausted, beneath the tree. There was a little breeze and it spoke sadly to him.

For the first time since he'd set to work he tried to talk. His voice was hoarse and weak. But, he muttered grimly: "I have the stones. I have the tree. I have them for myself. No one will ever enter here again."

Then he fell silent. The breeze died. The tree stopped speaking. Shadows alone moved in all his land. He fell asleep.

At sunset, he woke, unwillingly. A voice was calling him—a voice he had heard once before. It came clearly through the wall.

It sounded worried, but half amused: "What are you doing?" it said. "I've come to see your walk and tree."

The little man scowled and would not answer. It came again, laughing: "There isn't any gate, you know. How do I get in?"

"Go away," the little man rasped.

The voice came again—surprised. The laugh was gone.

"Is that you?" it said.

"Yes," the little man croaked back, striving to raise his voice.

"Why should I go?" the voice pursued. "You promised to show me your walk and tree."

"I promised nothing," the little man said flatly. "I have no walk. I have a wall. And the tree is mine. Now go."

"You're sure?" the voice persisted.

"Yes."

There was a pause. The silence and the shadows lengthened. The voice came once more—quietly."I shall be back each Spring," it said, "You will soon be very lonely."

At first the little man was happy there behind his wall. He had the stones that had been his only steady company before he came. He had the tree, speaking its sadness and joy. And the wall, in the sun, was a living thing. He had more companions than he had ever had in the changeless. shadowed forest. He almost forgot he had come here seeking friends.

Then, Autumn came and he saw his first great change. The leaves turned orange and yellow and fell from the tree, and his lawn was gold. Where he had come from the trees had not been half so beautiful, he thought. But in mid-October he grew worried. Would the tree speak without its leaves? he wondered.

By November he knew it wouldn't. It rattled, but he could not understand it.

Then, November brought a second change. Snow fell and covered all his stones. He could not keep them visible. And even when he shoveled off the drifts the pale sun would not make them live as they had lived before —not even as they had done in the forest where it was always dark.

The long white land and the soundless tree were more than he could bear. He strained his eyes to see the village, half-buried down below. He listened near the wall to catch the slightest sound. At last, he climbed his stones and trotted across the snow,down to the center of the town. He could not speak to the men, of course, since they had laughed at him, but he could listen to their feet as they scrunched softly past, and feel the cold air stirred between them. He could watch their faces covertly, and, some-

times, he could hear them speak to one another.

In March he made a resolution. He stood in his room, upstairs and looked down at the greyish, dirty snow. "There **must** be some custom I don't know," he said, and closed his eyes so he would not have to look outside. The tree rattled things he could not understand. Then, he spoke again, half-bitterly: "Even if the boy did come, he wouldn't stay in Winter. I guess I must build a walk like theirs."

The first clear day he set to work. He took down the wall and laid the stones as they had been before. When he was finished, he uncovered them and sat beneath the tree to watch them catch the last rose rays of sunset. The next day he bought cement and covered every stone. Then he went down to the village to see how one invited visitors to dinner.

"Send out invitations," he was told. "Invite them all. That's all you have to do. Most of them will come."

The final day of Spring his guests arrived on schedule at his door, dressed in suits. "I'm very pleased to meet you." They said, and sat with formal smiles. When all were there, they went and ate.

"Company at last," the little man thought, "But still I wish the boy would come."

His guests had asked him all about his land, and asked him when he moved here—They'd told him all about village politics, village social changes, the village improvement society—He had made them very comfortable, feeling their every want, and given them his heart if not his thoughts, and it was dusk—when, through the window, he saw the boy was coming.

He ran outside to meet him. The boy stood, silent, half way up the hill, waiting. He looked not at the man, but at the path.

"Come in—Oh do come in," the little man begged, laughing in joy as he reached him.

"I think not," the boy replied and turned towards him. The setting sun had changed his face to rose. "Today is not the time," he said.

"But the feast is for everyone. And you especially. Please come in."

"No," the boy spoke as he had last spoken through the wall. "There's nothing here for me. Today." He raised his eyes over the little man's head and looked at the house, then down at the path again. "That walk is even uglier than theirs, you know. It's not even real cement."

"What difference does that make?"

"All the difference in the world. I'm sorry, but it's so. I can only stay where it is beautiful."

"But I **had** to build it that way," the little man insisted. "They wouldn't come when I had the other."

"I'm sorry," the boy repeated, "But it must be so."

They stood a long time in silence. Twilight came. Then the boy spoke once more: "I must leave now," he said. "Good-bye again, my friend."

The little man watched him walk away. Twilight slowly changed to darkness. At last, he turned and walked back up the hill toward his house. Light blinded him as he opened the door, and it seemed very noisy.

When his guests had gone, at midnight, and he had shut the door behind them, he walked slowly upstairs. Two of them had promised to come tomorrow—to help him with his yard. They had said they would bring a lawn-mower and dichondra seed, and they had dropped the "Mr." from his name. "I will not be alone again in Winter," he said. But his eyes went out towards the hills, and he sighed and added: "If only I could have them both."

The next day his new friends arrived and showed him how to plant and cut a lawn.

"Looks real nice," they said.

The little man nodded, though he had preferred the un-cut grass.

Two weeks later they helped him put in a hedge.

When they finished they said: "There's still time for a garden, you know. All of us have gardens. We'll help you if you like."

"A garden?" the little man looked up and smiled. "Of course! I'll have a garden! I'll plant roses and . . . "

"Roses?" they asked, "Roses? How funny you are! Gardens are for vegetables."

"Oh," he said. "Vegetables."

One summer day when he had hoed and watered all their things, he stood beneath the tree, listening to its sadness, and he thought: "I can never go back to the forest again. It would be too utterly lonely now, but still I wish . . . "

What he wished he could not say. His friends were coming up the hill. "There was a bargain in the village," they began before they reached him. "We bought you this. It's stucco—pink stucco—for your house. We bought it for you cheaply."

"Cheaply?" the little man echoed.

"Yes—let's get started right away."

The little man was fearful for his aemril stones. The men were gathering the tools from their wagon already. He hurried to them and forced out: "Couldn't we—Couldn't we put something over the stones before we start?"

"It's your house," they agreed. "Of course we can. We'll make a tar-paper frame."

The outside layer was built and stuccoed easily. Then the house looked just like theirs, except that it was larger.

"It looks lovely," they agreed among themselves.

"Yes. It's very nice," he said and tried to smile.

When they were gone and night had come, he stood upstairs and listened to the tree and thought: "Well it's done. Now the boy will never come. And the tree speaks only sadness now. If only Winter were not so hard to bear!"

When Winter came, and the tree stopped speaking, he left his land and went to stay in town. He sat before the village hearths in silence. He did not hear the people talk. He feared the emptiness outside; he feared he'd never fit his thoughts in anywhere; and, mostly, he brooded because he could not see the boy.

When Spring came, he went sadly home. The budding tree, to his surprise, spoke only joy. He stood, near tears, beneath its boughs—in the dazzling sun, feeling very grey. He did not hear the villagers arrive. They addressed him three times before he noticed.

"What?" he said vaguely, trying to be polite.

"Don't you think you should cut down that tree?" they said. "It blocks the view of your house."

The little man stared blankly at their cheerful faces. He felt he had come back to a foreign land, forgetting the tongue.

"**We** could cut it for you, if you like," they said.

"Yes." Something flashed in someone's hands, "Your ax is very sharp now."

Slowly the words sank in.

"What did you say?" he whispered, hoarsely.

"We'd like to cut down that monstrous tree," they said, impatient at his slowness. "Its leaves blow everywhere, and no one can see your house we stuccoed."

The little man stepped forward, turning pale, and took the ax. "Get off my land," he said softly.

"What?" They stared at him.

"Get out of here," he said. The ax hung idly in his hands. "You ruined my land; you ruined my house; you've ruined everything. Pink stucco! Get off my land, you fools."

The ax dropped from his hand and he stood there, silent, while they, a little afraid, backed towards the hill, then turned and walked to the dusty path below.

When they were gone, he picked up the ax and went into the barn and smashed the lawn-mower with it, then dropped it on the floor and went outside. He took a scythe and leveled the little garden. He hooked wires to the tar-board, stucco front and pulled with all his strength until it collapsed. Then, he wheeled everything out behind his house and buried it. When it was dark he went inside. All night he roamed about his room,

making a final plan. "They'll never come back," he said, "And if they do, I'll drive them away again. An empty Winter's better than all year's ugliness." His voice was low in the darkened house.

When light returned he went outside and gathered up the cemented aemril stones. Reverently, he chipped off the covering. Then he rebuilt the walk, sending it this time, down the western slope. A single day of Spring was left when he was done. He straightened himself, stiffly, and went inside.

The next day he arose at dawn and made a feast—a very little feast, and went outside and sat down on his steps. The sun came beneath the tree; every stone glittered as if alive. The path grew brighter as the sun rose up to noon; the house, beneath the shading tree, grew darker. The tree, full-leaved, whispered joyfully as the wind passed through it. For the first time since he'd sent the villagers away, he thought of all he'd done. In spite of the stones and the tree he was sad.

"Trees and stones will never be enough again," he told himself.

Time passed slowly. And when the sun shone full into his face he sighed and looked down at the grass.

"What will I do if no one ever comes?—if even the boy does not come," he corrected, "If even in Summer I'm alone?"

His glance went up, resentfully: "Trees don't talk like people," he said. "No one can remember what they've said when they stop."

For a long time he sat motionless, bowing his head into his hands. The shadow of the tree spread over half his yard.

Then, with sudden resolution, he raised his head: "Don't be a fool," he told himself. "Of course he's coming. He promised."

But though he turned to look towards the hills, his face was anxious. It showed little hope until, at last, he thought he saw a figure far away. He stood up and shaded his eyes with his hand. "Yes. Someone is coming," he said, and stood there trembling.

When the figure was only a hill away, there could be no doubt: He saw the bright red jacket and the dark hair. The boy was coming. When he reached the valley below, the little man saw the smile again, and heard him whistling.

This time he could not move to meet him. He stood where he was and waited. The boy reached the first stone, looked up at him, and started to walk faster.

"I've come," he laughed, striding up the path. "I heard what you were doing here." His glance went down admiringly. "They **are** beautiful,' he said, "You were more than right about these stones."

"Will you stay?" the little man asked, afraid to return the smile.

"Of course," the boy replied. He stood before him now. "Every summer if you like. You said it would take forever to understand that tree."

The little man held out his hand, and smiled.

"There's lots of time for that," he said, "All summer. Please come in."

And they went in together.

Gideon Goes A-Threshing

"The spirit of the Lord wrapped Gideon round."
Investing that home-body like the wreath of air
That fell upon absorbent ground
And left the dry fleece lying there.
A dream soon made the husbandman aware
That God calls even cautious men to war.
Throwing off absorption in his own domestic care,
Gideon awoke to choose his men and go afar.
He went to thresh a crop, yet leave the fields without a mar.
There, stalking the enveloped Madianites,
Israel's three hundred crashed, each one, an earthen jar.
Their threats blazed out most bold in flaming lights.
When trumpets blew for Israel's cause brash chords,
Then Gideon knew his victory was the Lord's.

Sister Patrick Marie, C.S.J.

The Kite

Judy Krommer '63

Mr. Turner knew that one was missing. He knew without taking roll. And he knew **which** one. There was a casual seating arrangement, that is, not alphabetical, but it had settled into **one** casual seating arrangement. And Bradley was missing. It wasn't unusual. Bradley always went to the same place when he skipped class. He did different things but he always went to the same place to do them. When Mr. Turner's 2:20 English class was over and the corrected papers had been handed out, he decided to take Bradley his paper himself. He always decided that. He walked toward the terrace that rose gradually behind the boy's dormitory, then started up the terrace until he had reached the plateau at the top. And there he met Bradley, flying an orange kite. Mr. Turner began the conversation with the same phrase he always used.

"You wouldn't come to me today, so I decided to come to you."

"It's a lovely afternoon." Bradley generally excused his absences with this statement.

"I gave the papers back today. I brought yours with me."

"Oh."

"You did very well, Brad."

"Thank you." And then Bradley would begin his explanation again. Bradley's explanations were never practical but they were always the right ones. They were lovely afternoons. So he would begin.

"This noon, on my way back from lunch, I stopped in at a drugstore to buy something. There were some children, buying kites. Three of them bought red and green and blue ones. Then there was only an orange one left. The boy who was left with that kite didn't want it because of the color—he said it was ugly—so he bought something else with his money. And then something funny happened to me. I began to feel sorry for that orange kite. So I bought it and brought it up here, and Jim Ashton . . . he boards . . . gave me an old shirt so I could make a tail for it. And I had to fly it. I can't explain how I felt. It was almost as if that orange kite would always be a kite and would **never** be a kite. Nobody would buy it. I almost felt a kind of homesickness for something that should happen and would never happen. That the thing was meant to fly and never would fly. Something had to be done. So I decided to fly it myself. Do you know what I mean?"

"Yes, I know what you mean."

Brad sighed contentedly. "Would you like to hold it?"

Mr. Turner put Bradley's paper on the ground between them and took the kite stick in both hands. A half-hour later he gave the kite back, he received Bradley's apology for being absent, he discussed the merit of "lovely afternoons" for five minutes, and finally he said "Thank you, Bradley," and turned and walked down the terrace. And Bradley had decided to come to class tomorrow, so when Mr. Turner started down the terrace he said, "See you tomorrow, Mr. Turner." But he didn't really say where. He didn't have to.

The Pattern

The medicine man weaves
the healing sand-signs
he permits a flaw—to free
the spirit, and when he
goes out the man makes homeless that evil
one, and the spirit
must seek a new house. Alone
he wanders.

The woman, also, leaves
a gap in the design
to let the spirit of the picture flee,
for if that spirit be
caged, it will not do good but evil.
Because of the spirit
does she destroy her own
perfection?

Helen Jaskoski '63

Assignment

. . . Write a poem about paths

"I walk in paths of Righteousness."
How very grand that sounds!
I wander down the Primrose Path,
Oops! That's out of bounds.

He leads me up the Garden Path,
But I lead him right down.
I'll choose the Straight and Narrow Path,
So just erase that frown!

. . . Write something else about a path

It's quiet and cool at Mount Saint Mary's. The path from my car to my first class is hedged by green plants holding immense orange, lemon, and lime colored flowers. The sun hasn't found them yet, so they still gleam with dew. I yawn and they nod their heads in empathy.

There is a bleached and warped tree stump there, much like the one that reached out to catch Snow White as she ran, lost in the woods. However, I'm not too worried, this stump is asleep in the morning when I walk by.

Jonnie Patricia Mobley '62

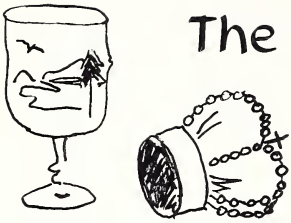
The Furled-Flurry-Flight

Twirl-twisted
petaled
curl
Wind-swirled—
swept
on
frozen ground
Naked—
leaf-stripped
tossed
furled
hurled—
by
icy
piercing
whirls
Until—
Calm
lullful
breeze-whisperings
rock
the fretting
child-flower
cradled
in
sun-smiling
caresses
unfolding
secret
wonders.

Sheila Brandy '65

Sister Margaret Stephen, C.S.J.

The Cane and the King



Once long ago in the forest of Mowden there lived an old man with a red soft cap on his head. His white hair curled around the cap and over his ears and his eyes were as blue as the water of the lake in the center of the forest. He lived alone by the lake and no one knew when he had come there. He had been there longer than the oldest man in the town could remember. The people could only say that when he first came to the lake he came with his cane; that and his red soft cap was all he brought.

The old man was small of build and as aged and twisted as the wood of his cane. It was said that he was once a wood-carver; that he could make tables and chairs fit for a king but no one had ever seen them. His hands were brown-stained and strong, but the veins were gnarled and the fingers now could only move stiffly to caress the cane.

The people often laughed at him when he came to their town. He would stamp around the square where the crystal fountain bubbled into a bright silver pond with images of birds made from stone. He would say, "I have made better. I have made better." And wave his cane in the air.

"Show us," they returned in answer, but he would crunch his cane into the ground and pull his red soft cap over his ears and go away.

Each Saturday he came and made his remarks about the stone birds. Then one day he did not come. The people wondered where he was. They said to each other, "Where is he today? He is not here. Have you seen him?" No one had. No one bothered to look, for the storm clouds were black in the sky overhead and they all feared it might rain.

No one bothered, that is, but the boy. The boy often was seen alone by the fountain, staring into its flowing waters. When he was new to their town, he had tried to feed the birds with pieces of bread from his own lunch. The people asked him what he was doing with the stone birds. But he only smiled and asked, "When are the birds going to fly?" They laughed and pointed to the High-Away Mountains that guarded the forest of Mowden and said, "When the old man with the red soft cap runs on both legs up the mountains." Then they left him with his bread and the stone birds as he sadly gazed into the water, clear and sparkling in the setting sun.

The people often wondered and asked each other where the boy's

beautiful velvet cap and soft shoes that looked like a Prince's came from, but they never asked him about them. They did not really care to know. They were only being curious. His walk and way of speaking was different from theirs. When he talked, they didn't seem to pay any attention to what he said, but after he was gone away, they did as he seemed to want. No one mentioned this to anyone else in the town. Each one kept this to himself.

The day of the big rain there was a haze over the High-Away Mountains, but no one said anything to his neighbor. A haze meant to stay inside and each one dared not venture outside his own doorway. They had not told the boy about their rule. He was not impressed with their rules in the same way they were. So the boy went out in the rain to look at the birds. They were still and the tears gathered in his eyes. "Please take my bread," he said, "Then the people will not laugh at me anymore." But the birds did not move. He turned away and went back inside his house.

The next Saturday after the rain the little old man came again. The people were running around the square, polishing the glass handles on their doors, and scrubbing the outside of their houses. They did not bother to clean the fountain or to cut the grass around it that day. Each one was too concerned with his own plans to think about the fountain.

"What are you doing?" the old man asked them.

"The king, the king is coming. Haven't you heard?" they said, "We must be ready for the king." Then they scurried away to get more paint for their houses.

The boy came outside and saw only the old man beside the fountain. He looked at him. "Will the birds ever fly for me," the boy said.

The old man rubbed his cane carefully. "If you think they will, they will," he said gently.

The angry cries of the people broke in upon them. "The cup, the cup," they were all shouting. "Who has seen the cup. Lord Mayor, where did you put the king's cup?" The crowd was coming nearer and nearer the fountain. "Stand behind me, boy," said the old man and his hands tightened on the cane and he stood as straight as his lame leg would allow him.

The people were close to them now. They gathered in front of the silver water and the Lord Mayor was talking. "Don't you remember the terrible winds and rains and how we were driven away by the flood and how when we came back we built this fountain with the stone birds to remind us always of how lucky we were to escape?" He shuddered when he spoke, "and must you always be reminded why we must stay inside when it rains? That day there was no time to think of anything. I took my books and silver paint; what did you take? Did you bring the cup? Don't just look at me. Answer me! Did you bring the cup?" He looked at each one. "Now, did you? Did you?"

The people turned to one another in the crowd. "Did you?" they asked

their neighbor. Each felt in his heart the answer. The cup, the beautiful wooden cup that was delicately carved on the base with trees and the lake in the forest and the birds, was gone. They sighed as they thought about it. It had been a beautiful cup, and the birds . . . they all remembered that when the sunlight shone upon the carved figures of the birds, they somehow seemed to become alive. Soaring swiftly into the air and among the trees, they came to rest again only when the flickering light ceased to play over the cup's base. The birds had caught the glint of the sun that unforgotten day when the King had come and drunk with them. That was long ago, before the rain and the flood and the rebuilding of their town.

The old man thought back to the cup, too. He told the boy about the leaves and the birds. The Lord Mayor stared hard at the old man with his gnarled hands resting upon his cane. "Old man," he began, "they say you were once a woodcarver, of tables and chairs and things. You are the only one left with gentleness and a soft touch in your hands. Could you make us a cup for the King?" The old man stared at his hands. "I could try if you like," he stammered slowly. "I used to be good at making things. As I have said about the birds, I have made better. But it was a long time ago," he added.

"Go home, then, old man. Go home and do what you can. The king will want a cup. He will understand that we have nothing good to offer, but we still must have a cup." The Lord Mayor looked toward the people.

The boy looked up at the old man. "I would like you to do it," he said softly. "What wood you need for the cup, I will help you to find."

"I need soft olive wood," the old man said. "It must be old, so that it will carve easily. In this forest, young wood is not good. It is too stiff and unyielding. It must have its own way, and I cannot make a firm base with it. Old wood is better, it is wise in a way that a young tree is not."

The boy nodded. Then he stood. "Come with me to the grove outside the town. I think I know where there is such a tree."

The two searched the rest of that day, and into the following days. But there were no trees to be found. Finally the boy said, "I see and know of only one such tree," and he pointed to the side of the old man. The white head turned and then the voice spoke sadly. "My cane," he said, and passed his hands lovingly over it, feeling the softness of the old olive wood. "Will you make a cup for me so I can take it to the King?" the boy asked, gazing steadily into the old man's face.

The old man looked away. "It has been my companion for so long," he said. The boy smiled. "I will return," he said. "When I come, will you please have the cup ready for the king?"

The old man pulled off his red soft cap and ran his fingers through his hair. "I will look again tomorrow for more wood, then we shall see." The boy turned and walked slowly away from the lake.

No one saw the old man on the following Saturday. The people were doing last minute preparations for the king. The fountain had not yet been cleaned and the stone birds were still chipped and unmended. The boy

looked at them. "They are not ready to fly," he said. "Their wings are too heavy. They will never fly." The people laughed at him, but stopped when he said, "I am going to see the old man" and they watched him in silence as he left the town. And then they returned to painting their houses.

The boy walked through the trees and along the lake until he came to the old man's house. He looked inside, but the old man was not there. Then the boy saw him, sitting in the yard carving an old piece of wood into a finely shaped cup. He did not stir when the boy approached but there were tears in his eyes when he spoke. "I did not find any wood," he said. "This is the best I could do." The boy looked down at the cup in his hands, and as he moved the cup slowly, the sunlight flickered softly upon the carved figures. The trees and water of the lake were smiling back at him, and the birds were ready to fly up and away from their olive tree base.

The boy took the cup from the old man and filled it with water from the lake. He raised it high in his hands and the birds on the base of the cup began to move. The old man's eyes glistened as the late afternoon shadows began to creep across the lake. The boy said, "I have come to drink this cup with you." He smiled and took a sip and then offered it to the old man.

The little old man took it in his worn and weary hands. It felt peaceful and still to touch and he felt happier than if he could be running on both legs up the High-Away Mountains. Then he handed it back to the boy. "It is yours to give to the king," the old man said. The boy smiled, then drank and this time he drank it all. The velvet cap fell from the boy's hair and the old man saw glittering before him in the sun the golden circle of the King's crown. The old man fell to his knees and the boy stood smiling before him. Music enveloped them as the birds from the fountain whirred their way into the clouds high overhead.

The next day the people of the town came to look for the boy and to tell the old man that they heard the King was not coming to their town. There was no need for a cup now. But when they reached the house they found only a velvet cap and a delicate cup made of gnarled olive wood setting on the table. And all was still except for the murmuring of the lake waters and the wind blowing and the birds flying through the trees of the forest of Mowden.

KALEIDOSCOPE

Summer and the sea at night

Are blue

against green leaves and waves.

Picnics and the lights at dawn

Are yellow

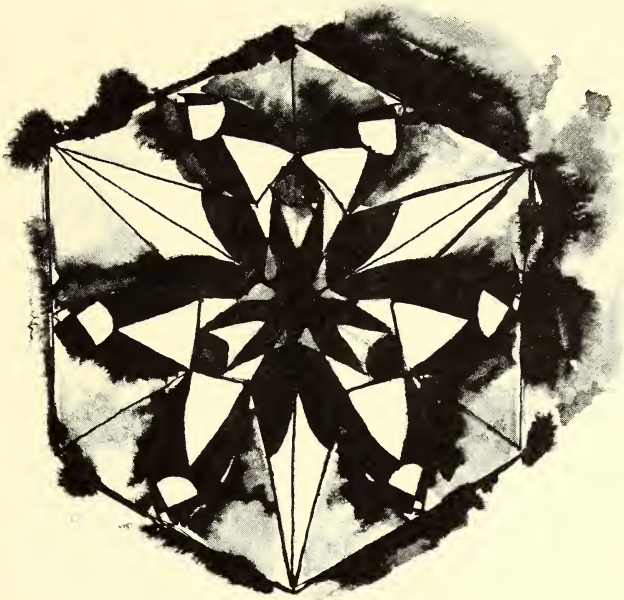
and garish orange of fruit and sky.

Carnivals and ferry rides at noon

Are red

With lavender balloons and women's hats

But parting and time between

Are black.

Judy Harris '63